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Boston, August 1, 1856.

My dear Mr. May:

My disappointment is very great in not being able to be at your commemorative meeting, to-day; but, though not seriously ill, I am suffering too much bodily pain, and am too much affected by a pressure upon the brain, to make it either prudent or pleasurable for me to participate in your proceedings, or to be even only a mere witness of them. Fortunately, the presence of so many able and eloquent advocates of freedom will render my absence of no account whatever. Still, I deeply regret that I cannot listen to their stirring words, and again see the old and tried friends of our glorious movement, face to face.

With yours, my spirit will be comforted and refreshed to think of the wonderful deliverance of eight hundred thousand human beings from the most frightful bondage, of which this day is the anniversary. History records no event so marvellous and soul-



thrilling, in relation to a change in human condition. All praise and honor to British philanthropy, which, against throne and parliament at home, and the whole body of West India planters, dared single-handed to grapple with the demoniacal power of Slavery, and, after a tremendous and long-protracted struggle, succeeded in vanquishing them all — opening the prison-doors, and setting every captive free beneath the British flag! Everlasting disgrace to America, which, in the face of her Declaration of Independence and the Gospel of Christ, still holds in a bondage equally cruel and degrading four millions of victims, derides all appeals to conscience and the "higher law," persists in extending her bloody sway, and planting chattel slavery as her one cherished and "peculiar institution" wherever ~~her~~ flag advances!

But God reigns, and is omnipotent, and either through moral power inducing repentance, or by fire and blood in the way of divine retribution upon the heads of the oppressors, will yet effect a greater jubilee and ransom a still more numerous host. Yes—



"The end will come - it will not wait -  
Chains, yokes and scourges have their date;  
Slavery itself must pass away,  
And be a tale of yesterday!"

Yours, to break every yoke,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Rev. Samuel May, Jr.

Father-

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